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Ar. Introduction to the Study of Tennyson.

BY PROF. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

III.

(CONCLUSION.)

Before considering "The Idyls of the King," that grand and exquisite epic, which combines the ideal of Christian chivalry with the perfection of modern expression, I must call your attention to Tennyson's lyrics, especially to the little songs scattered through "The Princess." There is one lyric not in "The Princess" which must live forever. And when you ask why? I can only say because it is *poetry*. No man has ever yet exactly defined what poetry is. But if any man should ask me for illustrations of the most evanescent quality in poetry,—that quality which is utterly incapable of being defined, I should point to the "Break, Break, Break," of Tennyson and Longfellow's "Rainy Day." Tennyson's expression of the inexpressible,—Tennyson's crystallization of a mood is perfect,—

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea,
And I would that I could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play,
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea,
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

I must apologize for using the word, "exquisite," so often. It is the only word by which we can express the art of these lovely—unsurpassingly lovely—little songs.

IV.

We owe "The Idyls of the King" to the fact that Alfred Tennyson read and pondered over Sir Thomas Malory's old black-letter legends of King Arthur's Round Table. Here he found the story of his epic ready-made. In the form he adopted, we find the influence of Theocritus, who seems, of all poets who wrote in Greek, to have most influenced him. The title of his epic poem, Tennyson took from Theocritus. The Idyls of Theocritus are short pastoral poems, full of sweetness, tenderness and love of rural life. In these qualities, Theocritus and Tennyson are much in sympathy. Theocritus was born about two hundred and eighty-four years before the Birth of Our Lord. His songs are of Sicilian woods and nightingales, of the musical contests of shepherds. In Tennyson's "Oenone," we find many traces of Theocritus, even paraphrases on him. "Godiva" is formed on an idyl of Theocritus, and his famous lullaby is suggested by Theocritus' song of Alcmena over the infant Hercules.

Carlyle did not approve of Tennyson's reflections of the Greek. And he expressed it in his pleasant way. "See him on a dust-hill surrounded by innumerable dead dogs."

The term "Idyl," though applicable enough to the light and pastoral poems of Theocritus was hardly so appropriate to the various parts of the Arthurian epic. But Tennyson has made the title his own; we love "The Idyls of the King" by the name he has re-created for them.

The "Idyls" are not complete. Though scattered through several volumes, now, they will

doubtless soon be given to us by the Laureate in logical sequence. They follow each other in this order: "The Coming of Arthur," "Gareth and Lynette," "Enid," "Balin and Balan," "Vivien," "Elaine," "The Holy Grail," "Pelleas and Ettarre," "The Last Tournament" "Guinevere," and "The Passing of Arthur."

The "Idyls of the King" is an allegory, as well as an epic. It carries a great moral lesson. It is an epic of a failure,—a failure which falls on King Arthur and his knights because of the sin that crept among them, like a serpent, and left its trail over all. Arthur, the ideal king, the chivalrous servant of Christ, seems to represent the spiritual life. His Queen Guinevere is "sense at war with soul." She loves the things of earth better than those of heaven. And from her betrayal of the King,—her fall, like that of "The Lady of Shallott,"—her sinful love for Sir Lancelot, who represents the pride of the flesh,—flows all the many evils that fall on the court of King Arthur.

It is true that the allegorical meaning in some of the Idyls is dimmer than in others. Sometimes it seems to disappear altogether. I recommend to your attention a very ingenuous interpretation made by Mr. Condé Pallen, of St. Louis, you will find in a recent volume of *The Catholic World*. I can hardly see my way clear to adopting the interpretation of Mr. Pallen, which attracted the favorable attention of Lord Tennyson; but to which the Laureate did not commit himself.

It is not fair to see in a poet's work more than he sees himself, and therefore I shall speak only of those allegorical meanings that are self-evident. It seems to me that the allegorical character of the Idyls was something of an afterthought with Tennyson.

"The Coming of Arthur" is the first Idyl. King Arthur seems to typify the soul. There is a dispute about Arthur. The King Leodogran will not give Arthur, the knight who has saved him, his daughter Guinevere, until he is satisfied about Arthur's birth. Some say he came from heaven, others that he was even as the earth. So men have disputed over the origin of the soul. There is no soul some say,—no spiritual life. But Queen Bellicent cries out, describing the scene of Arthur's coronation,—

"But when he spoke and cheered his Table Round
With large, divine, and comfortable words
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King:
And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross
And those around it and the Crucified,

"Down from the casement over Arthur smote
Flame-color vert, and azure in three rays
One falling upon each of the three fair queens,
Who stood in silence near the throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
Sweet faces who will help him at his need."

The Lady of the Lake is there, too, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful"—"a mist of incense curled about her."

The three Queens are Faith, Hope, and Charity, on whom the colors symbolical of them,—flame-color, blue, and green,—fall from the crucifix in the stained glass of the casement,—the crucifix being the source of all grace. There is no doubt that Arthur represents the spiritual soldier sent by Our Lord to conquer the unbelievers and make clean the land. The Lady of the Lake,—the Church,—gives him the sword Excalibur, which comes from the serene depth of an untroubled lake.

Merlin, the sage and magician, is human reason without grace, strong, quick to see, failing of being omnipotent because it lacks Faith. In a later Idyl, *Vivien*, we see the grave sage who relies on the proud power of his intellect ruined by his weakness when approached by the temptations of sensuousness. The lesson of *Vivien* is that reason and the highest culture, of themselves, are not proof against corruption.

When the question is put to Merlin whether King Arthur was sent from heaven or not, he answers, as human culture too often as to the origin of the soul, by a riddle. He says:

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by.
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me and that to thee;
And truth, or clothed, or naked, let it be.

"Rain, sun, and rain! And the free blossom blows!
Sun, rain, and sun, and where is he who knows!
From the great deep to the great deep he goes!"

This is the answer of modern skepticism to the questions of the soul. "Rain, sun and rain!" he says. They exist because we see them. But, after all, it makes no difference whether you believe that there is beauty in Heaven or no Heaven at all,—only the earth. Truth is only a mirage,—a delusion of the senses and the elements,—whether it seem of earthly or of heavenly origin. A young man will find this out, by and by, though the old man's wits may wonder and he may take visions for realities.

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

This is Herbert Spencer's answer to "The Unknowable." And Pilate's doubt, "What is

truth?" finds its echo in Merlin's cynical phrase,

"And truth is this to me and that to thee."

The first Idyl has this line:

"The first night, the night of the new year,
Was Arthur born."

Let us observe, too, that King Arthur and Guinevere were married in May; for, through all the Idyls the unity of time is carefully observed. The time in "Gareth and Lynette," the second Idyl, is the late spring or early summer.

"For it was past the time of Easter Day."

And Lynette says:

"Good Lord, how sweetly smells the honeysuckle in the hushed night."

"Gareth and Lynette" is full of symbolism. Again, the Church appears more strongly symbolized. Gareth represents the strength of manhood, the Lady Lyonors, the spirit, and Lynette, imagination. I would advise you to analyze this poem more closely.

Next comes *Enid*—most lovely study of wifely graciousness and patience. Guinevere's sin has begun to work horrible evil unconscious to herself. It plants suspicion in Geraint's mind and causes Enid to suffer intolerably. The time is still in the summer.

I have alluded to the lesson of *Vivien*. "Balin and Balan" precedes it with the same lesson. We shall pass *Vivien*,—the time is still summer, and a summer thunder storm breaks as Reason (Merlin) falls a prey to the seduction of Sensuality (Vivien).

Elaine follows. It is now midsummer. Guinevere and Lancelot begin to suffer for having betrayed the blameless King. Elaine, is "the lily maid of Astolat." Elaine has the charm of a wood-faun,—the purity of dew on a lily. But she, too, must die, because of the sin of Guinevere and Lancelot, and because of her own wilfulness in loving Lancelot in spite of all. Is there anywhere in poetry a more pathetic, more beautiful picture than that of the "dead steered by the dumb" floating past the Castle of Camelot when the Queen had learned that the fairest and richest jewels are worse than dust when bought by sin. And Elaine—

"In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down,
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Down to her waist, and she herself in white,
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

"The Holy Grail," which, allegorically and practically, has puzzled most commentators, can have only its full signification to Catholics.

It is doubtful whether Tennyson, taking the legend from the old romancers, has put any meaning into it other than he found in it. The time of "The Holy Grail" is still summer. In "Pelleas and Ettarre," we see again the growing evil worked by sin in King Arthur's plans for making the kingdom of Christ on earth. Sin grows and Faith fails; the strong become weak. Sir Galahad's strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure? The late summer is indicated by the "silent, seeded meadow grass." In the next Idyl, "The Last Tournament," when ruin begins to fall, the gloom of autumn lowers, we read of the "faded fields" and "yellowing woods." In "Guinevere," when the doom of sin falls on all the court, it is dreary winter.

"The white mist like a face cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still."

In the last of the Idyls,—in "The Passing of Arthur," we are in December,—at its close,—

"And the new sun rose, bringing the new year."

The splendid and blameless King lies by "the winter sea," defeated, helpless,—his Queen gone, his knights routed, his hopes fallen. Only Sir Bedivere, who seems to represent neither high Faith nor materialism, but something between the two,—is with him. At last, Sir Bedivere obeys and casts away the mystic blade, Excalibur. King Arthur, close by the "broken chancel with the broken cross," speaks the most solemn, most marvellous speech in this greatest of the Idyls,—in which Tennyson the exquisite becomes for once Tennyson the sublime,—

"And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
The old order changeth, giving place to new.
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May he within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou should'st never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
In what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those that call them friend?
For so the whole, round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell."

The three Queens, clothed in black, gold-crowned, sail away with the blameless King in the barge, "dark as a funeral scarf,"—and he is seen no more.



When Winter Comes.

(Rondeau.)

When winter comes and snow we see
 On hill-top, meadow, shrub and tree,
 We look in wonder up so high
 At myriad starry flakes that fly
 Descending, fluttering to the lea;
 In countless numbers them we see
 So merry, joyful in their glee
 To reach the earth and there to lie
 When winter comes.

The tiny flakes how light and free!—
 Such perfect stars of purity!
 For summer's flowers that yearly die
 They fall to take away the sigh
 Which may escape both you and me
 When winter comes!

W. J. MORRISON.

Ireland and her People.*

BY JOHN B. SULLIVAN, '91.

Cast your eyes where you will over the face of the earth; trace back the history of man and of nations to the earliest recorded periods, and I do not think you will find a nation with a history so strangely checkered, with events so varied and diverse, a nation so influenced by the capricious will of fortune, as that of the people of the Emerald Isle. Though the history of Ireland is in the main pregnant with misfortune and oppression; though it is an enumeration of wrongs and outrages, yet there are periods of renown. It is not all a gloomy, joyless night. Radiant stars in different ages have illuminated the darkness. The pathos and sympathy her adversities awake make hers a history fraught with interest.

Well has Shelley sung:

"We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 And our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;

And our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

Next to America's, the history of Ireland demands the attentive consideration of everyone in whose veins courses the warm, impulsive blood of the Irish race to whom belong the garden of our faith and the land of our forefathers.

Ireland was originally settled by the Kelts. The date of their entrance into the country is

* Oration delivered at the Columbian celebration, March 19.

clouded with uncertainty; but it is very probable that it was long before the Christian Era; for Tacitus, Cicero and Cæsar allude to the islanders who inhabit beyond the farther Gaul. They practised a species of idolatry, known as the Druid religion, and the priests were all-powerful in church and state.

The christianizing of any country must always mark an important epoch. The man who was to play the great part in the civilizing and christianizing of the Irish race, and who, indeed, has been honored with the title "Apostle of Ireland," was St. Patrick. Erin received the Faith at his hands with noble and unexampled generosity. "Moore," in his history of Ireland, exclaims with all the force of truth and all the eloquence of poetry: "That which in all other countries—the introduction of Christianity—has been the slow work of time, has been resisted by either government or people, and seldom effected without the lavish effusion of blood, in Ireland, on the contrary, through the influence of one zealous missionary and with but little preparation of the soil by other hands, Christianity burst forth at the first rays of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer at once covered the whole land. Kings and princes, when they themselves were not among the ranks of the converted, saw their sons and daughters joining in the train without a murmur; chiefs, at variance in all else, agreed in meeting beneath the Christian banner, and the proud Druid and the bard laid aside their superstitious mockery at the foot of the Cross; nor by a singular blessing of Providence, unexampled in the whole history of the Christian Church, was their a single drop of blood shed throughout the course of this mild, Christian revolution by which, in the space of a few years, all Ireland was brought tranquilly beneath the Gospel."

Monasteries immediately sprang up in every part of the kingdom and they were soon filled with zealous inmates. Christianity and civilization go hand in hand. The pious monks, as they have ever been, became the instructors of the masses. Education spread and Ireland became at once the seat of learning, the home of art, the centre of virtue, and the nurse of piety.

It might be well for those who try so little to conceal their lofty disdain for the modern Irishman to know that there was a time when England was sunk in the depths of barbarism; when Spain and France were yet without a history, and the great Roman Empire—the empire of Cæsar and of Constantine—was trembling on the brink of existence. When Europe herself was

at the mercy of a savage horde, Ireland was the dispenser of every branch of learning, and countless multitudes sought culture in her schools. "She was, indeed, the intellectual Pharos of her age." With characteristic love and generosity she aided in the conversion of the very country which still attempts her subjugation.

Until the twelfth century the most friendly relations existed between the neighboring kingdoms—England and Ireland. During the later part of the same century, however, Henry II of England, a bold and ambitious monarch, laid claim to the soil, and by no other right than the sword forced the people to acknowledge him as their lord. The Irish people never lost their right of local self-government until during the reign of Henry VIII. It is not my purpose to review the many wrongs and outrages inflicted upon the Irish nation during this period and the years that followed. This sovereign had, by his own licentious and immoral conduct, become separated from the communion of the Apostolic Church, and not satisfied with trying to institute a so-called religious reformation in England, in his blinded folly he sought to revolutionize the religious convictions of the Irish nation. In this he ingloriously failed. The bulk of the Irish people are Catholic, and Catholic will they ever be. No edict of an earthly monarch, goaded by impotent rage, can ever affect the religion of a people so devoted, so virtuous, and so loyal as the Irish. Tyranny may oppress, injustice may persecute; but they remain a people resolute and undaunted.

Ireland bravely kept her faith; but the brutal prevalence of force over right stayed her progress, and her intellectual superiority was no more. Her schools were closed, her monasteries were confiscated, her churches were razed to the ground,

"And her glory fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mt. Alvernus a thunder-smitten oak."

Few nations have contributed as many eminent men to literature, science and art as the Irish. In literature I might mention Moore, Goldsmith and Aubrey de Vere; in science, Black and Frye, Hamilton and Young; in art, Barry, Steele and McAlister. And when I come to her orators and statesmen I can point with honored pride to the names of O'Connell and Burke and Emmet and Grattan, and a long array of mighty names which have illustrated the annals of modern statesmanship; nor must I neglect the one who at the present time is battling so manfully for Irish liberties; that eagle-eyed, genial-hearted master-spirit of our own times—Charles Stuart Parnell.

There has ever been a strong bond of affection between America and Ireland. They were kindred once in as much as they were both ground down under the iron heel of the English nation. And when I refer to America I mean the United States; for it is simply a question of time when she, in her onward career of progress, shall absorb all the territory now included throughout the length and breadth of this North American continent. To-day America is free and far upon the highway of prosperity and greatness. The native Irishman is yet a serf, a slave; and the chains of bondage still enthrall his country.

During the darkest hours of the American Revolution, when the cause of human liberty seemed well-nigh crushed, it was the valor and devotion and patriotism of the Irish that appeared as the savior of the hour. The intellectual battles were fought in the English parliament in defense of American liberty by such generous Irishmen as Burke and Sheridan. And in America who can forget the services of Commodore Barry, the founder of her Navy? Who can read with what high-minded patriotism Charles Carroll, of Carrolltown, pledged his life, his fortune and his sacred honor for the maintenance of the Declaration of Independence? How Montgomery fell at Quebec in command of her troops? How Lawrence went down to his death breathing that immortal watchword, which is so dear to every American heart—"Don't give up the ship!" I say, my friends, who can read these deeds of valor, these acts of devotion, and feel no love and gratitude toward Ireland and her people?

And again, when America was rent in twain by all the horrors of civil war; when a solid North stood arrayed against a solid South; when the great principle of the inseparability of liberty and union was at stake, the bulk of Irish influence and Irish valor was devoted to the preservation of the State. The loyalty and patriotism displayed by the sons of Erin in the late struggle should win the eternal gratitude of the American people. Archbishop Hughes pleaded for his country abroad. On the battlefield, who fought more heroically than did the exiled sons of Erin at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge? Who did more to check the victorious, laurel-crowned legions of Lee at the battle of Gettysburg than did the Irish Brigade? All honor to their memory and their devoted commander—that fearless Christian soldier, that brave, loyal, valiant, General Meagher. I might easily name a score of gallant Irish-Americans who, in the Army, in the Navy and in the halls

of legislation, gave strength and stimulus to the Union cause. Lack of time, however, prevents me from referring in detail to the services of such eminent men as Logan and Shields and Kearney; and to that superb and dashing soldier who for a time was chief in command of the American forces, and who was but recently called to take his place in a higher army beyond this transient life—Philip H. Sheridan.

To no nation is America more indebted than to the Irish for the enjoyment of her present liberty, her happiness and her prosperity. In every department of state, in manufactures and in all public improvements and philanthropic measures, will be found the sagacity and the wisdom, the pluck and the energy of the sons of Erin.

For five hundred years down-trodden Ireland has experienced naught save injustice and oppression. Every species of outrage that English malice and English bigotry could devise has been heaped with relentless fury upon her unhappy people. Must Ireland's wrongs cry in vain at the bar of outraged justice? No! There is a retribution for nations as well as individuals. If from no higher motive than material interests the English government and the English people should do something to alleviate the sufferings of the people, whom cruel, reckless ambition has made their prey.

Grant the Irish Home Rule. Give them a parliament of their own. Go further: Grant every son of Erin the enjoyment of those rights and liberties with which he was endowed by his Creator. So long as England denies the Irish the free exercise of their God-given rights, all her arrogant boasts, as being the world's great civilizer, are false and misleading.

But, my friends, I would not have you think that the English people stand, as a unit, in their persecutions of the Irish. No, far from it. Many great and noble men of Norman-Saxon birth, plead their cause to English homes and English hearts. There is one above all others who has endeared himself to every liberty-loving heart—one whose glory and whose renown is confined to no class, no creed, no clime—that grand old man, that honored sage, the frosts of whose eighty winters mark, as almost closed, his year of life—William E. Gladstone; a man destined

"The applause of listening senates to command,

The thoughts of pain and ruin to despise;

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read his history in a nation's eyes."

When the brain and the intelligence and the progressive civilization of this enlightened nineteenth century, as reflected by such men as

Gladstone, Parnell, O'Brien and Davitt, demand Home Rule for Ireland, let us hope that Erin is but in the gray dawn of a morn that heralds the breaking of a brighter and a better day. Let us fervently trust that Ireland may soon take that place among the nations of the earth, which bigotry and intolerance have so long denied her. And when these things come to pass, may Erin's future be as bright and glorious as her past has been dark and cheerless!

My Life is Short.

(Rondeau.)

My life is short and all too soon
Shall I be carried to the tomb;
My days and years like moments fly,
As shooting stars across the sky,
And I to others must give room.

The dying day and waning moon,
And feeble strength and coming doom,
Give all alike the warning cry
My life is short.

Why seek vain-glory and assume
The precious time a worthless boon?
Much is there both to do and try,—
A hasty death may hear me sigh,—
Though all my actions were in tune,
My life is short.

T. A. GOEBEL.

College Gossip.

—The College of Mexico is fifty years older than Harvard.

—\$3,000,000 have been raised for the Catholic University at Washington.

—Out of 27,515 votes cast in the city of Milan, Italy, recently, 25,380 were in favor of religious teaching in the public schools. There are hopes for Italy.

—In celebrating Washington's birthday the freshmen of Wesleyan by mistake got hold of some dynamite bonds and injured a student besides doing some damage to college property.

—Greek recitation. Benevolent Professor (prompting): "Now, then, *Εἴπας*." Sleepy student (remembering last night's studies): "I make it next." He goes it alone before the faculty.
—*Ex.*

—Harvard is evidently determined to make a sensation in some way or other. The startling intelligence reaches us that the Harvard Annex ladies propose putting a four-oared crew on the Charles River next season.

—We learn that a professor in Berlin University has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust. We are friends of temperance in college and out of college, but what chance

has it when an impecunious student can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence rail?—*Mail and Express*.

—Cornell graduates its first class in journalism this year, and it remains to be seen whether or not one may become an efficient journalist by attending a course of lectures, or following a line of study upon that subject. To our own mind the best place to study journalism is in the office of the journal. Practical experience in a newspaper office makes the journalist.

—The present number of students at the University of Dorpat is 1,743—the largest number ever before attained. Compared with that of German universities, Dorpat is the next on the list after Berlin (5,478), Vienna (4,877), Munich (3,414), and Leipsic (3,288). The number of professors is 43; that of other teachers 24, of whom 6 lecture in Russian on Russian national law, Russian history, Russian language, comparative grammar of the Slav languages, and theology for students of the orthodox Greek confession.

—I. V. Williamson, an octogenarian philanthropist of Philadelphia, has announced his intention to give five million dollars to found a mechanical school for boys, where they may be trained to a thorough knowledge of those trades now monopolized to a great extent by imported workmen. The location of the school, though not yet decided, will probably be in or near Philadelphia. This is the second largest gift ever bestowed upon a single educational project, the first being held by the Leland Stanford, jr., University.

—A cablegram dated March 16 from Rome, says: the Pope to-day gave a special audience to Bishop Keane, who is to be rector of the Catholic University which is to be erected at Washington. Bishop Keane presented Miss Caldwell, her sister and her aunt to the Pope, who specially blessed Miss Caldwell for her generosity in endowing the University, and promised that he would assist in the service of a private Mass, to which his Holiness invited the ladies and the Bishop. Bishop Keane has left Rome to visit various universities in Europe.

—A press correspondent accompanying the American baseball players in their tour around the world writes of the visit which the teams paid to Rome: "One of the pleasantest features of our stay in Rome, however, was our invitation and visit to the American College, where we were received by seventy or more young candidates for the priesthood, all Americans, and whole-souled, fine-looking fellows, who for the time being managed to make us feel that we were not so far from home after all, even though we were 4,500 miles from America. Bishop McQuade of Rochester and Bishop Keane, formerly of Richmond, Va., were present, and together with Director O'Connell welcomed our party in heartfelt and patriotic addresses. The students, as well as the bishops, were all

great lovers of baseball, and all were present in a body at our game in the Villa Berghese."

—At the College of the Sacred Heart things begin to look lively these days. The contracts for putting up the new building were let last week to Messrs. Bentley & Strachota of Milwaukee, and they are to set to work this week on the foundations. The portion of the basement that was not dug last fall is now in the hands of our fellow-townsmen, Thos. Holland, who is busily at work with his men. Fred Bertram has wagons going from early morning till late at night hauling sand. There is a goodly pile of brick on the ground from the yard of Messrs. Cordes & Terbruggen. Watertown will soon be adorned with one of the most beautiful educational buildings in this northwestern part of the country, and the success of the Fathers and Brothers of the Holy Cross as teachers in our midst for many years past, warrants us in arguing for them increased success with their additional facilities.—*Watertown (Wis.) Gazette*.

DO THE RIGHT, BOYS.

Are you tempted wrong to do?
Do the right, boys;
Do the right, boys.
Those who evil paths pursue
Soon or late are sure to rue;
With the many or the few,
Always do the right, boys.

Are you tempted lies to tell?
Tell the truth, boys;
Tell the truth, boys.
Liars never will succeed,
Lying must to ruin lead;
Howsoever the tempter plead,
Always tell the truth, boys.

Are you tempted aught to steal?
Run away, boys;
Run away, boys.
If you look upon the thing,
Thought may into action spring;
From the heart the evil fling—
Always run away, boys.

When inclined cross words to say,
Keep them in, boys;
Keep them in, boys.
Words of kindness speak instead;
Unkind words no sunshine shed—
They can only mischief spread;
Always keep them in, boys.

When disposed to disobey,
Stop and think, boys;
Stop and think, boys.
Think of what the Scriptures say—
Honor to your parents pay;
Ere from your commands you stray,
Always stop and think, boys.

Howsoever the tempter plead,
Do the right, boys;
Do the right, boys.
Would you conquer on the field,
Grasp the Christian's sword and shield;
Never to the tempter yield—
Always do the right, boys.

—*Catholic Advocate*.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

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Ireland's Festival at Notre Dame.

Wherever you find the true and loyal son of Erin there you will find the annual observance of the day set apart by the Church as one on which to honor Ireland's patron saint—the great St. Patrick. Notre Dame is no exception to the rule; and here, where beats the heart of many a patriotic son of the land of the shamrock, the memory of St. Patrick is honored in a manner becoming to Irishmen and Catholics.

The Seventeenth was a cool and delightful day, well suited for carrying into effect the preparations that had been made for the occasion. Of course, green was the favorite color for the day, and the students and Faculty wore tasty badges of emerald hue; while a number were decorated with bits of shamrock that had been sent from across the Atlantic.

At 10 a. m.,

SOLEMN HIGH MASS

was sung by Rev. Father Zahm, assisted by Rev. Father Robinson as deacon and Rev. Mr. Connor as subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father French. It was an able discourse, and in an eloquent, impressive manner the reverend speaker pointed out the glories of St. Patrick's efforts for the cause of humanity; their effects upon the people of Ireland, as evinced by the heroic and grandly self-sacrific-

ing way in which they clung to the true faith in spite of fire, sword and every persecution. The hearers were exhorted to imitate the example set before them by this illustrious race; to emulate the pious zeal which animated the soul of the holy apostle, and to strive for something higher and nobler than earthly gain.

ST. HEDWIGE'S BAND

of South Bend had come out early in the morning and played many delightful and inspiring pieces before and after dinner, closing with an open-air concert in the afternoon. The band is handsomely uniformed, and has improved greatly since its last appearance here. Few bands in northern Indiana have a better reputation than the Polish band. At noon an excellent feast-day dinner was served in the various dining-rooms, after which adjournment was made to the front of the main building to witness the

DRESS PARADE

of the Hoynes' Light Guards. - This was the first parade that the weather has permitted to be held out of doors, and an unusual interest was manifested in the exercise. A long line of gleaming rifles stretched across the parade ground when the gallant Colonel Hoynes took his position on the field, and the command "sound off" was given. The visiting band furnished music, and contributed greatly to the success of the parade by their playing. After the parade had been dismissed the companies marched around the grounds, and then went through different evolutions and the manual of arms with bayonet exercise, platoon and double rank movements quite creditably. The drilling was the best witnessed for some time, and testifies to the wholesome and increasing interest taken in the organization by officers and privates. The companies are well matched, and the competition for the pennant this year promises to be close and exciting. Company "B" won the prize last spring, and will work hard to maintain their superiority this season.

THE FOOTBALL GAME

was one of the attractions of the day, and was won by the BROWNS by a score of 14 to 4. The players were: BROWNS—Fehr (centre), Melady, Tewksbury, O. Jackson, B. Patterson, Herman. *Rushers*; J. Cusack, *Quarter-Back*; E. Coady, S. Campbell, *Half-Backs*; D. Cartier, Captain and *Full-Back*. BLACKS—T. Coady (centre), Mattes, McCarthy, Newton, Conway and Zinn, *Rushers*; Cooney, Captain and *Quarter-Back*; H. Jewett, and H. Robinson, *Half-Backs*; W. Cartier, *Full-Back*. F. Jewett and Patrick Coady officiated

on the field, while Bro. Marcellinus, watch in hand, kept his eye on the fleeting moments; that is to say he was time-keeper. The game was the best played for some time. Good work was done by Robinson, Mattes, Melady, T. Coady, E. Coady, Herman and Jewett. The latter made a touch-down five minutes after play was called, and nothing more was scored that evening. In the second half Tewksbury touched down and evened the score. D. Cartier made a goal kick and "Tewks" scrambled behind the goal soon after with another touch-down to his credit. The score was now 10 to 4, when E. Coady made four points more, and D. Cartier's men were victorious by 14 to 4.

* * *

THE PLAY.

The Columbians had intended to give their play on the afternoon of the 16th, but finally postponed it till Tuesday, and at 4 p. m., on that day Washington Hall was filled with an expectant audience composed of students, Professors, members of the Community and many visitors from near and far. The University Orchestra which has been practising for some time under the able direction of Prof. Liscombe, opened the programme with a well-played medley of Irish airs. Then Mr. B. Hughes stepped forward and in a well-worded address dedicated the exercises of the evening to Rev. Father Zahm, Vice-President of the University. Our limited space prevents us from giving the address entire; but we give the following extracts:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER ZAHM:

The day we celebrate is indeed one of the most joyful; and wherever an Irish heart beats with enthusiasm and throbs under the excited pressure of love and longing for old Ireland, it becomes a day of exquisite joy and thanksgiving. How gratifying to our hearts is it to know that year after year it is becoming more generally observed. It is but fit in this land, the home of the brave and true, under whose sheltering care so many sons of Ireland reside, that we should honor with all due respect and loyalty the feast of the great Saint.

How true is it that embers of dying patriotism should be kept alive. Love of country is next to love of God, and a nation's security and progress depends upon the valor and patriotism of her children While St. Patrick's Day is not, strictly speaking, a national holiday, it nevertheless in its purpose and teaching serves as one. On that day the heart of the true Irishman goes out to the beautiful land of the shamrock so green—a land whose moors and dells have been forever embalmed in the music of the poet's undying song:

"Is there a land in all the great round earth
In which thy name unknown, O gracious Saint!
Thy people praise thee; wild, strong March winds faint
Beneath the burden of a pious mirth,
In memory of thee."

The celebration of this great day awakens within our

bosoms the memories of the past, and vividly recalls the Irish struggle not only for civil but religious rights. The fringe of the dark cloud that hangs over the Emerald Isle once darkened our own happy land. America in her struggle for independence was successful; but, alas! Ireland is still in the clasp of the monster from which we escaped. . . .

The love the son of Ireland bears to his land of adoption can never obliterate the love of his own land; though distance separates him from her hills and valleys, the bond of love and fidelity existing between his country and himself can never be broken. . . .

The play given in honor of St. Patrick is dedicated to you, Rev. Father, and we beg of you to accept from us our expressions of regard and esteem, and also our fervent wishes that you may live to hear each recurring year the justly earned expressions of loyalty and respect which you have so deservedly merited!

The reading of the address was followed by the song "Eilleen Allanna," rendered by Mr. F. Jewett and the Quartette. Mr. Jewett was at his best, and his effort was well received. The Oration of the Day was delivered by Mr. John B. Sullivan, who spoke of the varying fortunes of the Irish race, their long persecution by the English, their unwavering patriotism and love for country and for the true Christian faith. He reviewed Erin's history from the time of its conversion from Druidism to the present, paying an eloquent tribute to St. Patrick. Ireland was once the home of learning. Five hundred years of oppression have made it what it is to-day, but the time of retribution is close at hand. The names of Ireland's great men were greeted with applause, and the speaker closed with an appeal for Home Rule for the Emerald Isle. The oration was well delivered, and the speaker was easy and self-possessed before his audience whose close attention he held throughout.

The University Quartette sang the "Kerry Dance," and the curtain rose for the first scene of "Falsely Accused," a drama in four acts remodelled and adapted from C. H. Hazelwood's "Waiting for the Verdict," by the late lamented Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, for many years President of the Columbian Association. This domestic drama portrays some of the oppressive features adopted in Ireland by the rich against the worthy poor. An Irish family of very limited means owns a cottage of which one of the rich gentry endeavors through unscrupulous agents to secure possession. The old man refuses to part with his property, and an attempt is made to fasten a charge of murder upon his eldest son. The son is brought before the tribunal, and is convicted of the crime of which he is innocent. The day of execution arrives, and just as the sentence of the court is about to be carried into effect a respite is obtained, the

wronged son is liberated, and the true criminals are duly punished. The play is a pathetic one, though much amusement is furnished by a pair of "eccentric sports." Lack of space prevents us from criticising the individual performance of the actors. They were all good, and evinced the careful training given them by Rev. Father Regan. All of the parts were well sustained, and everything passed off smoothly to the great credit of the society. The following music was rendered between the acts: "Hibernia Quadrilles," by the Orchestra; vocal solo, "Fathoms Deep," by H. S. Smith; "The Green Flag of Ireland," by W. Lahey and Quartette.

At the conclusion of the play Rev. Father Zahm arose and thanked the Columbians for the pleasure afforded him by their performance. He praised the efforts of those participating in the programme, and said that his remarks could be summed up in these few but expressive words: "There's nothing like it." As he concluded the music struck up, and the large audience filed slowly out, well satisfied that the play was surpassed by few of former years.

Thus closed the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. The enthusiasm manifested gave evidence of the love and admiration which still exists for Ireland and her glorious Saint at whose footsteps on the Emerald Isle "Christianity burst forth with all the ripeness of a northern summer."

G. H. C.

In Medio Tutissimus Ibis.

Whether we admit or not that the Roman poet realized the full extent of wisdom comprised in the expression above cited, one thing is certain: it is a wise saying, and capable of application in all the affairs of life. Indeed, it is by avoiding extremes—by preserving a just medium—that we attain the highest degree of natural perfection in the conduct of life's affairs, and most thoroughly and securely accomplish our destiny as rational and social beings, destined for a higher and happier life hereafter.

Taking this most elevated view of man, we observe that his destiny is twofold—eternal and temporal; his eternal destiny depending for its attainment chiefly on the fulfilment of his special duties towards God, and his temporal destiny depending, for its attainment, on the discharge of his special duties towards his fellow-men, or society. Man's obligation to learn and fulfil his duties towards God we denominate his religious obligation; and he fulfils this obligation by the aid of his intelligence and of the

spiritual faculties of his soul. His obligation to learn and discharge his duties towards his fellow-men we call his social obligation, and this he fulfils by the aid of his intelligence and of the social faculties. However, the exercise of both of these sets of faculties should be regulated by reason and conscience, in order that they may lead to a proper fulfilment of man's double obligation.

Here let us remark, that man's eternal destiny is the primary object of his being, and hence the discharge of his duty towards God should be the chief purpose of his life; while his temporal or social destiny, though important on account of its relation to the eternal, is still but as a means to an end rather than a distinct end itself. It is a real destiny, fixed by the Creator, but yet not final. From this we would conclude that, while a neglect of our duty towards God entails a loss of our chief end—eternal life—the consequences of a similar neglect of our social duties, provided such neglect did not induce a violation of our duty towards God, would be temporal, and therefore of less importance.

But though our social destiny is comparatively much less important, so long as we live amongst men, we cannot free ourselves from the obligation of discharging the duties which it imposes. The great difficulty which we have to encounter is to reconcile, in practice, these two classes of duties. We know they both exist, and for a wise and beneficent purpose; we know also that we have received from our Creator faculties which enable us to discharge them properly, and, moreover, that the moral and intellectual exercise involved in the performance of these duties, is necessary to a harmonious development of our nature as men.

But were we to devote ourselves exclusively to the contemplation of eternal things to the neglect of our social relations, we should be too much of the angel and not enough of the human. True, our fault, so far as a fault is implied, would, in such a case, be on the right side, and would promote our eternal interests, provided always that our neglect, from a social point of view, did not involve a violation of our duty towards God; still we would not be men in the true sense of the word.

On the other hand, should we devote ourselves exclusively to the study and discharge of our social obligations, neglecting our religious duties and the destiny to which they lead, our mistake would indeed be a grave one, involving the loss of our final end. We would, in effect, be substituting the means for the end, the temporal for the eternal. In a word, we would be too

much of the human, and not enough of the angel, or spiritual, and thus fail in the chief business of life.

We should, then, be men while we live amongst men, and avoid both those extremes, discharging our immediate duty towards God faithfully, as the chief means of attaining our final end; at the same time recognizing our social relations and fulfilling them, because they are a part of our destiny, yet remembering that they are secondary, and only a means to an end, in consequence of which fact the fulfilment of these relations should be directed to the end which they were intended to subserve, namely, the attainment of our eternal destiny. Thus will we apply properly, in this particular, the saying of the poet.

B.

Books and Periodicals.

—Mr. Joseph Jefferson has been engaged for a number of years upon his autobiography, which will soon begin to appear in *The Century*. No more interesting record of a life upon the stage could be laid before the American public, and Mr. Jefferson's personality is perhaps more sympathetic to the people of this country than that of any actor we have had. He is the fourth in a generation of actors, and, with his children and grandchildren upon the stage, there are six generations of actors among the Jeffersons. The record which he has made of the early days of the American stage is said to be peculiarly interesting, especially the story of his travels as a boy in his father's company, when they would settle down for a season in a Western town and extemporize their own theatre. The autobiography will begin in *The Century* during the coming autumn, and the instalments will be illustrated with a portrait gallery of distinguished actors.

—*Wide Awake* for March has several features appropriate to the Inauguration month: a charming adventure story, "How Nat Saw the Inauguration," relating to what befell a little fellow who walked into town from Alexandria to see President Cleveland take the oath of office four years ago; a reminiscence of the Harrison campaign of 1840, and a pretty little tale about Mrs. Harrison when she was a school-girl—these last two are in the department of "Men and Things." Daudet's pathetic Alsace-Lorraine story, "The Last Day at School," has been translated for this number by Mary Ferguson. There is an amusing Western story, "How Bess was Kidnapped," by Theodora Jennes, and a good outdoor story, "The Coon Hunt in Wheeler's Woods," by Rowland E. Robinson. Margaret Sidney's little Peppers are having a jolly time back at the "little brown house," while Mrs. Sallie Joy White, in another part of

the magazine, tells "How the Blind Kindergarteners Read *Five Little Peppers*," the Pepper serial published several years ago. Professor Starr writes about "Some Odd Fish" in his geological talks, and Prof. Mason describes the flying proa Queen Kapiolani sent to President Cleveland. There is a delightful article on "The Skylark," by Mrs. F. A. Humphrey; also a richly illustrated paper about "Pets in Literary Life," by Eleanor Lewis. The poems of the number are charming: "Schnontz and I," by Graham R. Tomson; "March Bugles," by Mrs. Whiton-Stone; "In a Glass House," by Agnes M. Lewis; "Capt. Carnes' Profitable Pepper," by John Albee, and others by M. E. B. and Clinton Scollard.

—We have received from the publisher J. Singenberger, St. Francis, Wis., the following pieces of Church music: "New and Easy Mass in Honor of the Holy Ghost," by J. Singenberger, for two voices (Soprano and Alto), or three voices (Sop. Alto and Bass), with organ accompaniment; and "Veni Creator," together with all the responses at High Mass (solemn and ferial), including the different "Deo Gratias." This Mass may also be sung in unison, or in four parts; in this case the tenor part may be procured from the publisher. It is very easy to sing and play, and is specially adapted to children's voices.

"Introit, Gradual, Offertory and Communion for a Nuptial Mass," for 1, 2, 3 or 4 voices, with organ accompaniment, by J. Singenberger, J. C. Bischoff, P. Piel, V. Engel, Fr. Witt.

Personal.

—Mr. McCarthy, a well-known railroad Contractor of Little Rock, Ark., visited his sons on the 17th.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby returned last Wednesday from New Orleans whither he had gone on business of the Community.

—Mr. Martin Crane, (Com'l '88), paid a short visit to his brother in the Minim department this week. Martin is book-keeper for a lumber firm at Frankfort, Mich.

—Rev. Father O'Rourke, of Paw Paw, Mich., Rev. Father McLaughlin, of Monroe, Mich., Rev. Father P. Nichaus, of Lafayette, Ind., and Very Rev. Dean Oechtering, of Mishawaka, Ind. were callers at Notre Dame this week.

—Among the visitors to the college during the week were: Mrs. J. B. Morrison, Mrs. D. A. Morrison, Miss M. L. Morrison, and Mrs. B. B. Hesse, Fort Madison, Iowa; Mrs. E. F. Sullivan, Afton, Iowa; Mrs. M. Kutsche, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. T. Nester, and daughters, Marquette, Mich.; Mr. F. Ahlrichs, Cullman, Alabama; Mr. T. C. Dexter, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. J. McGuire and Mrs. E. P. Cass, Chicago; Mrs. G. Rice, Frankford, Ind.; Mr. D. Sheedy, Denver, Col.; Mr. J. F. Bretz and Miss L. Bretz,

Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. E. Sorg, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. L. A. Elder, Nelsonville, Ohio; Mr. J. P. Hayne, El Paso, Texas; Mrs. T. Hinkley, La Grange, Ind.; Mrs. M. V. Monarch, Owensboro, Ky.; Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Chicago, Ill.

—At Kalamazoo the celebration of the Feast of St. Patrick was not forgotten. Dean O'Brien had, with his usual thoughtfulness, provided for the delivery of a lecture on the topic of the feast, and he had selected as the lecturer one of Notre Dame's most eloquent priests, Rev. A. S. Morrissey, C. S. C. The subject of the lecture was "St. Patrick and Ireland," and it was delivered in St. Augustine's Church on Sunday night. It was an eloquent and able summary of the life and work of the Saint and a review of the history of that work in its influences on the people of Ireland and on the countries into which the Irish people have carried the faith of St. Patrick. The constancy of the Irish people in their adherence to this faith was dwelt on, and the terrible persecutions to which they were subjected by English tyranny and Protestant bigotry were referred to. Nor did the Rev. lecturer fail to refer to the struggles of Ireland for national independence, and he predicted the near approach of the hour of her freedom. He closed by counselling the people of Ireland to remain constant to the faith of St. Patrick.—*Michigan Catholic*.

—*The New Mexican*, Santa Fé, N. M., has the following notice of Mr. J. A. Ancheta, '86, whose election to the office of Prosecuting Attorney in the District in which he resides in New Mexico, was mentioned in these columns a few weeks ago:

"The new Attorney for the district composed of the counties of Grant and Sierra is Mr. Joseph A. Ancheta. He was born in Mesilla, Dona Ana County, and received his preparatory education in Santa Fé at St. Michael's Institute, graduating in 1882. He then studied at Notre Dame University, Ind., and graduated therefrom in 1886, receiving the degrees of Bachelor of Science, Civil Engineer and Bachelor of Laws, and he was in the same year admitted to practice before the supreme court of the state of Indiana. While a student he was always at the head of his classes and received the highest honors, being the recipient of no less than twelve gold medals. So much for his college course. He was admitted to the bar of this territory in 1887, and is at present the law partner of Judge John D. Bail, and although he is a very young man, he is a good lawyer and fully qualified to discharge the duties of the office to which he has been elected. The firm of Bail & Ancheta enjoys a very lucrative practice, and Mr. Ancheta is considered amongst the rising young lawyers of this territory.

"Mr. Ancheta is now chairman of the Republican central committee of Grant County; he has rendered valuable service to the Republican party during the past campaign in Grant and Sierra counties canvassing both these countries thoroughly and making numerous speeches, although he was not a candidate for office. From the time of the primaries to the evening of the 6th of November he did not rest, and he contributed largely to Republican success in the counties named.

"*The New Mexican* is of the opinion that Mr. Ancheta's appointment was one of the best made by the legislative council. We are gratified to see an active, outspoken, hard working young Republican properly rewarded, and we believe the appointment will be found to have been judicious and proper. We think Mr. Ancheta will make an excellent record during the coming two years."

Local Items.

—*Erin go bragh!*

—"Nothing like it!"

—The ushers did nobly.

—"Don't you believe it."

—The drama was "unsurpassed."

—We have an orchestra if not a band.

—The "Eccentric Sports": Tewks. and Bretz.

—The Columbians are waiting expectantly for a banquet.

—Robert Nourse Wednesday, March 27, in Washington Hall.

—We have been defied to do our "worst." Well, well, indeed!

—"Shorty" was not cut out for tragedy. Comedy is his forte.

—Hurrah for the three Ks—Kensington, Kenosha, Kalamazoo!

—And now doth the little boomlet of some candidate begin to boom.

—The Football Association will probably buy some new suits for the players this spring.

—The weather is fine and the lake is clear. Navigation should be formally opened soon.

—It may be well here to remark that it is now the proper time to "Keep off the Grass."

—The manner in which "Claude" handled the "stick" and that gymnastic fall of "Shorty" were "a success."

—The presence of the genial Father Oechtering of Mishawaka was greatly missed on St. Patrick's Day.

—Lost.—A silver bangle with the monogram E. D. The finder will please return it to the Rev. Prefect of Discipline.

—NOTICE.—The centre walk through the parterre in front of the main building is not intended as a drive for carriages or buggies.

—Göke and "Dubuque" should be more careful in regard to their afternoon strolls. SCHOLASTICS of years back are in demand.

—A number of people came out to see the play last Saturday and were greatly disappointed on learning of its postponement till Tuesday.

—Everything went well behind the scenes owing to the efforts of stage manager Brookfield and his assistants, Messrs. J. W. Meagher and J. T. McCarthy.

—Another weather prophet has been added to the list. He informs the Philosopher that there will be fine weather during April. No more "electricity," boys, so cheer up.

—The football association should by all means purchase a few guide-books. Let the referee be more exact in his decisions during the games and let the players get up their wind and muscle.

—Random lines from "Falsely Accused":

"Grass is grass,
Hay is hay,
We're here to-morrow,
We're gone to-day."

—Some articles have been taken from the Gymnasium and should be returned as soon as possible by the persons interested. All should remember that the apparatus, etc., of the Gym. are intended for use in the building and should not be removed by anyone.

—Mr. Sullivan's oration last Tuesday was quite favorably commented on by many. There was nothing of affectation about the speaker's style and delivery, and he could be distinctly heard in all parts of the house. There was no posing for effect and no hoarse stage whispers. Mr. Sullivan may lack experience, but he has the making of an orator.

—A burst of applause went up from the audience Tuesday evening when the scene recently painted by Prof. Ackerman was recognized as intending to represent the walk leading to St. Mary's Academy, though not many of the boys ever get so far away from the college. The painting was true to nature and reflected credit upon Prof. Ackerman who holds an enviable reputation as a scenic artist.

—"Mr. Nourse is a happy speaker; at one moment he is ploughing deep into the recesses of thought, and the next is skimming as lightly on the surface as the swallows on the buoyant air; he moves his audiences to laughter by irresistible humor, sweeps them upward on the tide of eloquence, dashes them here and there on the waves of logic and reason, only to drown them in tears by touching pathos."—*Ex.* At Washington Hall, next Wednesday.

—We notice that the lectures of Prof. Maurice F. Egan to the students of Notre Dame's famed institutions are becoming immensely popular. Notre Dame and Prof. Egan have received merited compliments in the republication of these lectures in the journals of other colleges. Notre Dame has one faculty that few colleges possess—that of discerning a good thing, adopting it and leading cotemporary institutions in the march of progress.—*Catholic News.*

—Father Zahm will give a stereopticon entertainment in Washington Hall this evening for the benefit of the Football Association. The views to be given are among the finest that can be procured. The object is a worthy one, and every student owes it as a duty to the cause of athletics to attend. The price of admission is a nominal one, and we trust the hall will be filled to its utmost capacity. Let no one fail to attend and give his hearty support to the association which is in need of funds for new suits, etc.

—The Football Association held their spring meeting in the Senior reading-room Tuesday afternoon. The President was away on a hunting expedition, and in his absence Vice-President O'Donnell, presided. The following officers were elected: President, Bro. Marcellinus; Director, Bro. Paul; Vice-President, J. V. O'Donnell; Secretary, G. H. Craig; Treasurer, Jos. E. Cusack; Captains, E. Melady and F. Albright. The selection of F. Fehr, as Captain of the special team,

was unanimously approved by the association. It was decided to have a series of games for the local championship, and the Captains were empowered to make all necessary arrangements.

—On the 19th inst., the feast of St. Joseph, Very Rev. Father General Sorin realized a project he has long entertained—that of having the Minims form a choir by themselves and sing in the church. On Tuesday last for the first time, twenty-four Princes formed a choir on the steps of the grand Roman altar and sang "Salve Joseph" at the Offertory; a beautiful "O Salutaris," and an English hymn to St. Joseph after Mass. That this venerated Founder's idea, like all his other ideas, is a grand one is best testified by the praise all give the singing, and the pleasure it afforded them to hear the fresh young voices of the Minims. Their singing was a most pleasing contrast to the rich, powerful voice of the venerated Founder, which seventy-five years have in no manner impaired. His singing of the Solemn High Mass was surpassingly beautiful, and like an outpouring of his whole heart and soul in love and gratitude to St. Joseph. May he long be spared to celebrate many other festivals of the glorious Saint who is one of the titular patrons of the Order over which the venerable Founder so successfully presides!

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—The morning class is studying Common Carriers after having taken lectures on Insanity.—In last week's law notes "Erickson's Masterpieces" should have read "Erskine's Masterpieces." Our informant made a slight mistake in the name.—The Law Debating Society has elected the following officers for this session: President, Prof. Wm. Hoynes; First Vice-President, D. E. Dwyer; Second Vice-President, H. S. Smith; Recording Secretary, F. Long; Corresponding Secretary, D. Brewer; Critic, J. Dougherty; Treasurer, L. Herman; Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas McKeon.—At the last meeting of the debating society the question discussed was: "Resolved that Oratory is the greatest natural gift of God to man." The disputants were Messrs. Brewer, Blessington, Burns and O'Hara. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Chacon read a selection on the originality of style.—The question for debate next week is: "Resolved that the Presidential term of office be extended to six years." The question was proposed by Mr. Burns, and he and Mr. Herman will be the leaders in the debate.

—At the entertainment given by the Columbians in honor of St. Patrick's Day, the exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

PART FIRST.

Overture—Medley of Irish Airs....University Orchestra
Address.....B. Hughes
Solo and Chorus—"Eileen Allanna." F. Jewett and
Quartette.

Oration of the Day.....J. B. Sullivan
Quartette—"The Kerry Dance." F. Jewett, R. Sullivan
W. Roberts, W. Lahey.

PART SECOND.
 "FALSELY ACCUSED."
 (A Drama in Four Acts.)

CHARACTERS.

Jasper Roseblade.....	H. C. McAllister
Jonathan Roseblade (father of Jasper and Claude)	
.....	M. Howard
Claude Roseblade.....	Jas. McIntosh
Humphrey Higson (Steward to Earl of Milford)	E. Kehoe
Jonas Hundle (formerly a Poacher).....	H. Barnes
Rev. Owen Hylton (Vicar of Milford).....	R. Bronson
Lord Viscount Elmore.....	C. Cavanaugh
Lieutenant Florville.....	F. Brown
Lord Chief Justice.....	F. H. Mithen
Grafton (counsel for prisoner).....	C. O'Hara
Sergt. Stanley (counsel for prosecution).....	J. B. Sullivan
Blinkey Brown {	D. Tewksbury
Squinty Smith { Eccentric Sports. {	J. Bretz
Sir Henry Harrington (magistrate).....	S. Campbell
Clerk of the Court.....	R. Flemming
Sheriff.....	J. Welch
Usher of the Court.....	J. Crooker
Foreman of the Jury.....	C. Dacy
Reporters.....	G. Cartier, A. Leonard
Grange {	W. O'Brien
Thorpe { Gamekeepers of the Earl. {	I. Bunker
Russell {	J. Cooke
Richmond { Officers, {	H. Murphy
	Barristers, Jurymen.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Alvarez, Bunker, Burns, Brookfield, Burger, Blessington, Brewer, H. Brannick, Barrett, Beckman, Blackman, Conway, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, E. Chacon, G. Cooke, Carroll, D. Cartier, W. Cartier, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, W. Campbell, E. Coady, Combe, Dore, Dougherty, Darroch, Davis, Dinkel, Eyan-son, Foster, Fisk, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Fack, Grange, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, Garfias, Gallagher, Gobon, Houlihan, Hackett, Hughes, L. J. Herman, M. Howard, Hill, Hummer, E. Howard, Heard, Jennings, H. Jewett, Ford, Karasynski, Kimball, F. Kelly, J. Kelly, Kenny, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Leonard, Lappin, F. Long, L. Long, Larkin, Landgraff, McNally, H. Murphy, McErlain, G. McAlister, Mackey, Mattes, Madden, McKeon, J. T. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, W. Meagher, Melady, Major, Nester, A. O'Flaherty, O'Shea, E. O'Brien, O'Connor, L. Paquette, Prichard, Patterson, C. Paquette, Powers, Robinson, Reynolds, W. C. Roberts, Rothert, C. S. Roberts, Stewart, Schmitz, Steiger, J. B. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, T. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Woods, West, F. Youngerman, Zinn, Zeitler, Zeller, Hayes,* Forbes.†

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Adler, Anson, Berry, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Baltes, Bronson, Bryan, Bradley, T. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, Ciarcoschi, Case, Connelly, A. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, Crotty, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Devine, Dempsey, Duffield, Darroch, Doherty, L. N. Davis, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Green, Galland, R. Healy, P. Healy, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hinkley, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hague, Hennessy, Hartman, Hahn, Hammond, Ibold, Johnson, Jackson, Jewett, Johns, Joslyn, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Kearns, Kehoe, Kelly, Lenhoff, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Morrison, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McCartney, McGrath, McMahan, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, McLeod, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, G. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F.

Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, I. Rose, E. Roth, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, Rice, Stanton, Sheehan, Schultze, C. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Sachs, Staples, Sloan, Talbot, Tetard, Towne, Thorn, Wright, Walsh, Weitzel, F. Wile, B. Wile, Williams, Wood, Willien, Wilbanks.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Brown, Blease, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Cudahy, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Downing, Durand, Doherty, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, F. Evers, G. Evers, Eckler, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Gerber, Goodman, Girardin, Gray, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hill, Hedenberg, Henneberry, Johns, Jonquet, Kane, Kroolman, Keeler, Kaye, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, Lee, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Mattas, McDonnell, McDanel, Mooney, McGuire, G. Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, C. Nichols, Neenan, Oppenheimer, Parker, Plautz, L. Paul, C. Paul, Seerey, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Stange, Stafflin, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Watson.

* Omitted by mistake for three weeks.

† Omitted by mistake for two weeks.

Class Honors.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Messrs. C. Paquette, Kimball, Burger, Mackey, Reynolds, Dore, W. O'Brien, Delaney, Finckh, J. Hackett, Leonard, Brelsford, Goebel, C. Cavanagh, G. Cooke, H. Jewett, Kehoe, M. Howard, Hoover, R. Newton, V. Morrison, W. Larkin, Prudhomme, W. Morrison, F. Jewett, Fehr, Akin, J. Sullivan, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, H. Brannick, Barrett, Carney, P. Burke, H. Murphy, Dwyer, Hummer, E. Chacon, Brewer, Tiernan.

List of Excellence.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—T. Goebel; *Logic*—S. Hummer; *Latin*—Messrs. J. Cavanagh, Adelsperger, W. Larkin, Burger, C. Cavanagh, Hummer, W. Meagher; *Astronomy*—P. Burke; *Surveying*—J. Mackey; *Calculus*—J. Mackey; *Trigonometry*—J. Reinhard; *Geometry*—Messrs. Quinlan, Healy, Weitzel, O'Shea, W. Roberts, J. Hackett; *Algebra*—Messrs. Quinlan, W. O'Brien, Weitzel; *English History*—Messrs. Reinhard, Leonard; *Modern History*—J. Brady; *Ancient History*—Messrs. C. Fitzgerald, Louisell; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. H. Murphy, L. Herman, F. Chute, E. De Brul, F. Wile; *Composition*—Messrs. Dacy, Crooker, Joslyn, J. Fitzgerald; *Analytical Mechanics*—V. Morrison; *Perspective*—R. Newton.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Arithmetic—Masters J. Dempsey, Koester, Kehoe, F. Dempsey, Dorsey, O'Neill, McPhee, Downing, Barbour, Durand, Witkowsky, Connelly, Creedon, Crane, Greene, C. McCarthy, Goodman, W. Connor, Hamilton, Foster, Wever, A. Marre, Cornell, Trujillo, G. Evers, Kroolman, Londoner; *Grammar*—Masters F. Evers, Bates, Koester, R. Webb, Bruel, Seery, Mooney, Fanning, L. Paul, C. Connor, Kaye, Gregg, Snyder, Mayer, Foster, O'Neill, Roberts, Barbour, Marx, Downing; *Geography*—Masters Bates, Koester, J. Dempsey, Kehoe, Quill, Fanning, Cudahy, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, Mooney, Seery, F. Evers, Connelly, Gregg, Witkowsky, Falvey, McDonnell, Powell, Nichols, Creedon, Johns, Durand, J. Dungan; *Orthography*—Masters Kehoe, Seery, F. Evers, Bates, E. Elkin, Cudahy, R. Webb, Bruel, Cohn, Gregg, Dorsey, Goodman, Barbour, Stone, Hill, J. Dungan, Brown, Trujillo, McGuire; *Reading*—Masters Bates, Cudahy, Kehoe, H. Mooney, Koester, M. Elkin, Grant, Crane, Stephens, Durand, T. Burns, J. Dungan, McGuire, Wever, Cornell, Hendry, Wilcox; *Piano*—Masters Durand, Downing, Barbour, Cornell, Bates, Minor, Connelly, F. Evers, C. Connor, Goodwillie; *United States History*—Masters M. Elkin, Fanning, F. Webb, Bates, J. Dempsey, Kehoe.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—At a competition in arithmetic last week the Misses Spurgeon, Zahm and P. Griffith excelled.

—Mamie Miller and Fannie Burdick were the leaders in an interesting competition in the 3d Preparatory Arithmetic Class.

—Misses K. Hurley and K. Morse were the leaders in the last competition in Natural Philosophy held by the 3d Seniors.

—The Misses C. Hurley, M. Geer and L. Dolan are to be commended for the interest they manifest in the general singing class.

—Much patriotism was manifested on Sunday last if "the wearing of the green" signifies anything. Rev. Father French preached a fine sermon on the apostle of Ireland which will long be remembered.

—The wife of R. W. Townshend, representative in Congress from Illinois, whose death occurred last week in Washington, D. C., was for several years an esteemed pupil of St. Mary's. Sincere sympathy is extended her in this her sad bereavement.

—Solemn High Mass was celebrated on St. Joseph's Day by Rev. Father L'Etourneau, with Rev. Father French as deacon and Rev. Father Saulnier as subdeacon. The greatness of St. Joseph was dwelt upon by Rev. Father French in an excellent sermon.

—*Rosa Mystica*, edited by the members of the Graduating Class, was read on Sunday evening by the Misses Gavan, McNamara and Van Horn. Very Rev. Father General and Rev. Father Zahm each addressed a few instructive words to the young ladies after the distribution of the good points.

—The new members of the Holy Angels' Sodality were the honored recipients of souvenirs from the Holy Land on Tuesday last. Needless to say, the kind donor was Very Rev. Father General. All the privileges seem to fall to the "Angels," for on the afternoon of their feast-day they enjoyed a walk to the Church of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame.

—The visitors registered last week were: H. W. Hoyt, F. S. Moore, Mrs. F. G. Jungblut, Mrs. Plautz, Mrs. F. S. Wright, Chicago, Ill.; J. W. Penburthy, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. Newton, Mrs. J. Moran, Arlington, Neb.; M. Crane, Frankfort, Mich.; Mrs. T. Nester, Marquette, Mich.; Rev. T. J. O'Rourke, Paw Paw, Mich.; Rev. D. McLoughlin, Monroe, Mich.; W. McCarty, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. Smyth, Chicago, Ill.

—Monday, the feast of the Archangel Gabriel, was a great day for the members of the Holy Angels' Sodality. A reception was held, at which the following aspirants were received as

full members by Very Rev. Father General, who also gave a few words of instruction: the Misses M. Patier, M. Smyth, S. Göke, J. Smyth, E. Regan, M. Scherrer, S. Smyth, L. McHugh, N. Smyth and K. Sweeney. Maud Patier read the Act of Consecration.

Dame Rumor.

Mrs. Grundy, so potential in her sway, has a bosom friend in a character known as Dame Rumor. Her family name is an old one, and may be traced as far back as the time when one of her ancestors carried the news of Solomon's glory to the court of the Queen of Sheba. That same piece of news it must have been most delightful to impart! Can we not picture with what interest the listeners regarded the messenger as she recounted the wonders of Israel's court? But, why should we unconsciously write the words "*she* recounted?" Is not gossip universal? Are not men the willing agents of Dame Rumor? True, it is argued that women, understanding her much better, should be her emissaries. However, leaving that question an open one, let us see if we may classify her servitors.

First, there are her unconscious agents; those who, through want of thought, tell everything they hear and see, believing themselves the soul of frankness and honesty. Secondly, those who do not wish to cause trouble, but who think that by carrying rumors and gossip they will ingratiate themselves with others. Thirdly, those who make the carrying of rumors a profession; their coming is sure to presage a narration of everyone's affairs—their intentions, past, present and future, their history and destiny.

The next question that presents itself is: "What are this Dame's messages?" They are as varied as those which pass over the Western Union telegraph wires each day; and like the Western Union, Dame Rumor has private lines too. Her subjects range from Mrs. Blank's Easter bonnet to Home Rule; and from the Pope's last Bull to the Valedictory of the Class of '89. Jack's bean stalk was not more wonderful in growth than is the average rumor. The latest example is one interesting to all. The American pilgrimage is spoken of in foreign papers to the following effect: "The number of pilgrims is *fifteen thousand*, and the sum to be presented to the Holy Father is \$2,000,000!" The true state of affairs is: there are *one hundred and five* persons, and no word of a presentation to the Pope has been mentioned.

There are examples nearer home that might be cited, but through fear of being considered personal we forbear. The story of the "Three Black Crows," is one that is repeated each day in the experience of those whose lives are narrowed down to the conventionalities of mere society life.

Dame Rumor invariably sends with her messages a something that gives pain, and in many cases she adds a subtle poison which, working in the veins of others, produces sickness and death. Yes, there is a poison sent with each message, whether it is conveyed in a rose-scented note, or in the rude garb of an uncultured tongue. "They say" is often the groundwork of information, sweeping in its dire consequences over ground sacred to some poor heart; and yet we with our pretensions to logical minds are influenced for or against a person by so weak an accuser!

The newspapers, too, serve to spread Dame Rumor's reports, and much that is printed and sent forth as truth is often based upon a single word dropped by incautious lips. Thus is the work of gossip carried on with little or no heed as to consequences. And how does this dame requite the services of her army of devotees? The following of her behests fills the heart with unrest, bitterness and remorse: every false rumor, every annoyance given others, every sigh caused by gossip comes back to pain the last hours of him whose days have been devoted to the unholy practice of carrying detractions; and, "where is much talk there is often much sin."

We should weigh well what reports we spread, and pay little regard to those we hear, if we value peace of heart. Some one has said, with much wisdom: "Believe only half of what you see, and nothing of what you hear."

KATHLEEN GAVAN (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Anson, Ansbach, Ash, Bates, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, C. Beck, Barber, Clifford, E. Coll, Currier, Caren, Clarke, Connell, Canepa, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dority, M. De Montcourt, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, J. Fox, L. Fox, Gavan, Guise, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hepburn, Harmes, Hutchinson, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hubbard, Henke, Irwin, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopmann, Linneen, Ledwith, Lewis, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, McCarthy, H. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Prudhomme, Piper, Parker, Quinn, Robinson, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, M. Smith, Spurgeon,

Schrock, B. Smith, Sauter, Tress, Van Horn, Violette, Wright, Webb, Wehr, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Burdick, E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, Dempsey, Dreyer, Erpelding, Farwell, M. Fosdick, G. Fosdick, Griffith, Graves, Göke, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Levy, M. McHugh, Miller, O'Mara, M. Patier, Pugsley, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, M. Schoellkopf, Soper, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirids, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Crandall, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Ducey, Smith, Van Horn, Moran, Rend, Clifford, Reidinger, Gavan, Meehan, Coll, Donnelly, Hertzog.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bates, Davis, Dempsey, Dority, Flannery, Hammond, Horner, Hutchinson, Wright.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses T. Balch, Beck, Burton, Currier, English, Fursman, Healey, Hurff, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Irwin, N. Morse, Moore, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Quill, Van Mourick.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Ansbach, Beschameng, Caren, Clarke, De Montcourt, N. Gibson, M. Gibson, Haight, Kingsbury, Marley, C. Morse, C. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Piper, Violette, Wagner, Robinson, Taylor, Parker, Sauter, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, Tress.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Butler, Brewer, Hepburn, Ledwith, Nester, Roberts, Smith, Quinn, L. Fox, Spurgeon, Zahm, Dolan, Erpelding, Thirids.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Patier, Anson, Rinehart, Barron, Reeves, Clore, Flitner, J. Fox, M. Smyth, Keeney, A. Wurzburg, McCarthy, Penburthy, E. Burns, Campbell, Dempsey, Ernest, Griffith, Hull, Kahn, Kelso, Lauth, McHugh.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Ash, Bush, Dorsey, Hagus, Hubbard, Harmes, McCune, Jungblut, Rentfrow, Koopman, O'Mara, Pugsley, N. Wurzburg.

JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses Barry, A. Cooper, Cooke, Dreyer, Graves, Kloth, Northam, Soper, Hoyt.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses I. Schoellkopf, S. Göke, Palmer, Sweeney, S. Smyth, L. McHugh, Regan, M. McHugh.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses N. Smyth, Ayer.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Quill, C. Hurley.

2D CLASS—Misses Geer, Haney, Marley, Van Mourick, Nicholas, Spurgeon, Hubbard.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1ST CLASS—Misses Ducey, K. Hurley, M. Beck, M. Davis.

2D CLASS—Misses Harlen, Irwin, Donnelly, Barron.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses Ducey, Beck, M. Coll, Taylor, Parker, C. Beck.

ROBERT EMMET.

Thou symbol of a hope, when hope would die
In any breast but thine, still be the star
To guide our aspirations to the sky
Where Freedom dwells forever, though afar.
Still guide us on, knowing that effort will
In time break down a giant's battlements:
And that the simple work of a small rill
Can in foundations strong make gaping rents,
To bury them at last from human sight.
Still may our minds look forward to the hour
Thy epitaph to write. Be thou the light
To flood thy native land with moral power;
Still penetrate and beautify her life,
And beam upon her through her present strife.

—N. Y. Sun.